

The Six Deadly Terms

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Summary: Based off of a funny circulation on Facebook. Dagur is trying to win Hiccup's heart and in the process becomes familiar with the six terms used by one to protect themselves. M to be safe for future chapters. Modern AU

1. Chapter 1

inspired by a small funny thing a found forever ago that many of you probably know of because it circulated on facebook

anyway, enjoy~

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Dagur fidgeted at his desk, eyes darting to the burnet that had been on his mind non-stop for years. It was times like this that he wished he didn't insist on sitting in the back to reflect his distaste for school. He clicked his pen at an annoying fast pace, the sound grating on everyone's nerves save for his own since his mind was someplace else. However, it was having the negative effect of irritating the one person he was trying to find a way to impress. Dagur didn't care at all about the ugly looks from the teacher in the front of the room trying to discuss the process of lithification or the frustrated looks from the other students. But when those beautiful emerald eyes belonging to the enchanting burnet in the front row turned and shot him a nasty glare, Dargur immediately stopped what he was doing.

Suddenly time slowed like in one of those cheesy romantic comedies (that Dagur absolutely never watched while pretending it was him and Hiccup in the movie because why would he ever do that?). Those long dark lashes...the various shades of brown with just the tint of rusted Autumn orange hair falling around his face like strands of silk...the wonderous emerald eyes that glittered with passion...those adorable freckles as countless as the stars in the sky...those pouty

pink lips that would reveal a crooked smile even if it was never directed at him...

All too quickly it was turned away from him again and Dagur remembered how to breathe.

Not that anyone really noticed that part, save for a couple of people. There was a collective sigh of relief that the clicking of the past forty-five minutes finally stopped. The teacher- Kaufman* - did look between his top student and the troubled delinquent. Humming in response, the older man whent back to the lecture, planning to have a talk with the two after class.

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"Haddock, Berz*, stay after class,"

At the sound of their names being address, a collective wave of 'ooh's came from the other students, making Dagur scoff and Hiccup roll his eyes before they both went to stand in front of Kaufman's desk, the retired veteran now seated and waiting for the last of the students to exit the classroom. As soon as they were by themselves, Kaufman looked to the two teens. Hiccup looked bored out of his mind (as he almost always did) while Dagur tried to look casual as he kept nervously looking over to Hiccup.

Yes, this would work. He set his hazel gaze on the red-head first. "Dagur, I have noted that this year, you have been making more of an effort with your schoolwork, but I'm worried about your performance in this class. As you know, participation counts and you haven't been able to keep up enough to participate in discussion. On top of that, you tend to miss a lot of assignments,"

Dagur felt his face flush a bit at being called out in such a way in front of his-yes, his- Hiccup. The very person he was trying to impress. No way a failing grade would pass as 'getting laid' material. "I'm trying to, ah...remedy that," he replied as smooth as possible. Yep. Expanding vocabulary was part of Operation Get in Hic's Pants.

"Excuse me, sir, but that doesn't explain why you asked me to stay behind," Hiccup spoke up, making Dagur's heart flutter.

"I asked you to stay behind, Mr. Haddock, because I think that you could help with Dagur's situation," Hiccup quirked a brow in response, not liking where this was going but not speaking up. "I would like you to help tutor Mr. Berz here everyday for the rest of the term. And if he shows improvement, I'd like it to be extended for the rest of the year and possibly further than that,"

Hiccup's eyes slowly widened at the news as the situation dawned on him while Dagur was almost gapping like a fish out of water. "You can't be serious," Hiccup replied, trying to keep his voice as under control as possible. "Dagur is unteachable. You know that," Dagur frowned at hearing that. He had really been making an effort...It must not have been enough...

"No, I don't know that," Kaufman stated simply. "I've seen the way your presence has influenced his behavior in the classroom and I think it'll work for all of our benefits,"

"How does it benefit me?" Hiccup asked carefully. Maybe if he got something out of this nightmare, it would be worth it...

Kaufman held back the urge to smile, knowing he had the burnet's attention. "I noticed that you were planning to pursue teaching. If you have the ability to get a student at Dagur's level to at least a B- average in all his courses and keep him out of trouble at least on school grounds, it'll get a lot of people looking. I'm sure a lot more schools will be willing to give you an internship while you're in college. Hell, maybe intern at your college of choice,"

Hiccup hummed in thought. He didn't care for Dagur...In fact he barely knew him other than the fact the kid always gave him weird stares, had a bad reputation and was really annoying in class. Still...there were worse options, right? "Okay,"

Dagur's heart skipped again and Kaufman rose a bushy brow.
"Okay?"

"Yeah...as in 'okay, I'll do it', " Hiccup clarified.

Dagur tried to hold back his wide smile and Kaufman continued on. "Alright. I expect progress reports every Friday. That gives you two days to give me your first one detailing how you two are going to meet up and when. I want to see schedules and such. If you can't find me, leave them in my mailbox in the main office. Sound good?"

They both nodded; Hiccup in a defeated fashion and Dagur eagerly. "Is there anything else?" Hiccup asked as politely as he could manage. When Kaufman shook his head, Hiccup nodded in confirmation and left, leaving Dagur to rush after him and Kaufman to chuckle to himself, having no clue what he'd really just done.

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"Hey, Hiccup, wait up!"

Reluctantly the smaller teen paused in his walk in the now empty hallway, school having let out some time ago. Still, he refused to turn to address the other since he heard Dagur running behind him.

In no time at all, the red-head was at his side, smiling for some reason. Probably the fact that he got Hiccup roped into something stupid. Hiccup didn't exactly have many friends and while he wasn't bullied on a regular basis, this guy was friends with Hiccup's unpleasant cousin Snotlout (why his cousin decided to be called that was beyond him). For all Hiccup knew, this was a ploy of his cousin's to torment him.

Dagur was beaming as he stood next to the other, so glad to finally having a chance to really talk to the other. When they first met it was two years ago when Dagur moved to Berk to get away from his own family problems. He had quickly made friends with some of the guys there and became leader of their group, with Snotlout second in command. Then one fateful day, they had all been hanging out in Snotlout's basement...That was the day he met Hiccup...

Flashback

"Hey, got any soda or something to eat? I'm dying over here!" Ruffnut complained over roudy laughter and conversation.

"Yeah, some sodas would be good," Tuffnut added. He and his twin sister were currently playing on an old Nintendo 64 that they stole from a pawn shop. Dagur even managed to nab some games though he had no idea what they were.

Snotlout rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, shut up,"

"Gunna comply?" Dagur teased, seeing the black haired boy get up.

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Snotlout shrugged. "Yeah, I could use somethin' myself," he said. "Wanna help me carry stuff back down?"

Dagur shrugged. Normally he wasn't one to offer help, but he figured it'd be worth it to grab something to munch on. So he chose to head upstairs with the raven hair, a little confused when he heard voices booming from above.

The head of the stairs led right into the kitchen, next to where the voices seemed to be coming from. Dagur looked curiously to the dining room but was unable to see who was making the noise due to the archway. "Your old man's home?"

"Yeah, sounds like my uncle too," Snotlout shrugged, uninterested as he grabbed several sodas from the bottom of the fridge.

"SCOTT!* THAT YOU IN THERE?"

"YEAH, DAD!" Snotlout shouted back. "JUST GETTING SOME SNACKS FOR THE GUYS!*"

"WELL COME AND SAY HI TO YOUR COUSIN AND UNCLE FIRST!"

Snotlout rolled his eyes but went to step into the archway. "Hey Uncle Stoick*," He greeted politely. Dagur was almost impressed. But then, "hey, Scrawnyass," Snot then teased.

Dagur rolled his eyes as he took the first drink from his soda. But then a voice- the most enchanting voice he ever heard- spoke up as a form came into the kitchen. "Really, is that the best you can come up with, Scott?" The beautiful burnet said the name almost mockingly as he strode past Dagur to get a water bottle from the fridge.

It had the desired effect, with Snotlout frowning. "It's Snotlout, ya little pest. And who said you could raid my fridge?"

"I did. When I bought the damn water I'm drinking," the other returned. "Relax, I'm not gunna raid your junkfood. Lord knows I don't want to loose my 'scrawny ass',"

Dagur swallowed, his throat suddenly dry. Dear lord, this kid did have a nice looking ass...And those jeans hugged him so nice...-

Finally those sharp green eyes rested on Dagur. Looking unimpressed,

he went back over to stand by Snotlout. "And who's this? One of your new lackies?" _

_ "Show some respect!" Snotlout snapped, though nowhere near loud enough for the two fathers to hear as they were too loud in the dining room. "He can kick your ass any day!" _

_ The smaller teen wasn't fazed. "What is your fascination with my ass?" _

_ "Just go back to writing poetry or planting flowers, Hiccup! Us men are going back downstairs to hangout. Like people with friends do," _

_ Dagur was going to speak up and tell the larger teen he shouldn't pick on his family like that but was stopped by a sudden flash of something in those green eyes. It looked almost like...hurt..._

_ Sure enough, the smaller one simply walked away and Snotlout went back to gathering snacks. Dagur, still struck with disbelief that Snot was related to something so enchanting shuffled close and spoke low. "Hey, who was that?" _

_ "Just Hiccup," the other replied. "He's my cousin but we don't really get along," _

_ "Is he...single?" _

_ Snotlout looked to the other in confusion, becoming shocked when he realized Dagur wasn't joking._

End Flashback

"What do you want?" Hiccup asked boredly.

Dagur wasn't discouraged. Instead he offered his hand out. "I figured it was about time I properly introduced myself, since you'll be helping me and all. I'm Dagur,"

"I know," Hiccup replied, eyeing the other carefully. What was this guy up to? "I'm Hiccup," he replied, hesitantly offering his own hand.

"I know," Dagur replied, carefully wrapping his larger hand around Hiccup's, enjoying the electricity between them and praying Hiccup felt it too. Sure enough, a small hint of color came up on those freckled cheeks.

Hiccup pulled his hand away, fighting back his blush. What on Earth was wrong with him? "So...I suppose...since I'm your tutor...I...I need to know your schedule so I can plan study sessions. When are you free-"

"Anytime that works for you," Dagur replied too quickly.

Hiccup now looked at the other, finding that suspicious.
"Anytime?"

"Yeah, I mean, you're the boss. Name the time and place,"

Hiccup frowned. This had to be a ploy of some sort. "Mhm...Well, tell Scott his ploy failed. I'm not going to waste my time with some assortment of tricks," He turned on his heel, much to Dagur's bewilderment.

"Wait!" He shouted, cutting Hiccup off. "It's no trick! I really am trying to get better in school,"

"Yeah right," Hiccup replied, rolling his eyes. "And I guess you want to get on Honor Roll, too,"

"Well...I don't know about that," Dagur admitted. "I think I have some work to do before that,"

"You really expect me to believe some friend of Scott's is willing to take school seriously?"

"Just because I'm his friend doesn't mean I'm the same," Dagur pointed out.

"Well you certainly do hang around eachother a lot and you wouldn't be able to be such good friends if you didn't have a lot in common,"

"Oh, because you'd know all about how friendships work, right?" The words left before he could stop them. He slapped a hand over his mouth, not believing he just did that. The hurt in Hiccup's eyes stabbed him to the core.

Hiccup felt his face heat up in embarrassment. "I can't believe I agreed to this!" He hissed, moving to pass by the delinquent. Dagur grabbed his elbow, though, making Hiccup flush further and almost drop his books. "Let go of me!"

"Not until you hear me out!" Dagur insisted. "I wanna get along. Be your friend! And I want to do better in school. You already agreed!"

Hiccup was about to snap but he stopped. It was true...He did agree... He had to get out of this... "...Look, I don't believe that you want to get better. I think you're just trying to waste my time in hopes of dragging me down or -more likely- make a fool of me somehow,"

"Fine, but you have to give me a chance first!"

There was a stare off for some time, both determined. Hiccup wanted the other to break, knowing what short attention spans Scott's usual friends had. Dagur on the other hand was trying hard to display his honest intentions.

All it did though, was make Hiccup eventually roll his eyes, knowing he was stuff. "...Fine." Not willing to discuss it further, he yanked his arm from Dagur's grip and left.

This time, Dagur didn't go after him, too confused about whether he won or not.

Term One: "Fine"

_ "used to end an argument when the submissive knows they are right and need the dominant to shut up (even if they aren't)" _

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*Kaufman: a character of my own. He won't be too big in this. I just needed an instructor and Gobber didn't suit it in my opinion

*Berz: short for Berzerkers. Aren't I the creative one? I don't know his actual last name...

*Scott: picked a simple name

*The Guys: yeah, they consider Ruffnut a guy here. Guys consist of Tuffnut, Ruffnut, and Dagur (from Snotlout's POV)

*Stoick: kept his name the same just because i like it

2. Chapter 2

gald you guys all like it so far!

Enjoy!

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"Okay, so everyday from four-thirty to eight-thirty, you'll be studying with me. That gives plenty of time for you to catch up on your topics and save your grades before finals," Hiccup was currently writing the information in his black dialy planner, quickly scrawling the new information. He used pencil, though, sure that Dagur would back out or achieve whatever stupid motive he had long before finals ever came up.

Dagur nodded, smiling as he watched the other work. He couldn't believe his luck! Not only was Hiccup going to spend more time talking to him in school, but he was able to be around the burnet off school grounds, too! And he didn't have to worry about someone else taking up Hiccup's time because he didn't have any friends!

...Okay that last bit of information still made him kind of sad. Hiccup might have been sarcastic, but he was beautiful and smart and funny. How come he couldn't make any friends? He'd never really found out...He asked Snotlout once and all the raven hair said was that Hiccup was too whimpy.

"Did you bring a copy of your schedule like I asked?"

Dagur snapped from his thoughts. "Oh...yeah! Yeah, got em right here," he dug around in the pocket of his leather jacket and pulled the folded (and slightly crumpled) piece of paper, handing it to the other and intentionally making it so their fingers would brush together.

Hiccup's eyes widened a fraction at the contact and he yanked the paper back, a slight pink blush on his cheeks. Dagur smiled even more at the sight while Hiccup occupied himself with looking over the

schedule. "Okay, looks like you're just taking the standard courses...Should be easy to cove-..." Suddenly Hiccup paused and squinted at the paper, as though he had no idea what he was reading.

Dagur frowned, worried one of his friends scrawled some message on it when he wasn't looking. They all had a habit of writing messages and drawing inappropriate pictures on each other's books and papers when the other wasn't looking. Just something to make each other laugh but Hiccup might not find that funny. "What is it?"

Hiccup frowned, finally turning to look at Dagur for the first time since the red-head found him in the school library. (Hiccup spent every lunch period there and since Dagur didn't eat lunch anyway, he just figured he'd spend time with the burnet.) "You're taking first aid?" It wasn't a required class...Just an elective to fill time up or satisfy personal interest. With the added bonus of being certified in CPR, but still.

Dagur sighed in relief. "Oh that...Yeah, I'm in first aid. Why?"

"But...you don't need to take it..." Hiccup was at a loss. Wasn't Dagur supposed to be a slacker?

Dagur shrugged. "Yeah, I know, but..." he rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I used to get hurt a lot as a kid and...my old man never knew what to do and always said walk it off and...I just figured it'd be better to know for myself what to do. Beat the pain before it...gets there...Ya know?" He knew he was babbling, his cheeks reddening. He was sure he looked like such a dork.

He expected Hiccup to roll his eyes or shrug it off. Instead he got, "Oh...Well...that's good. You should know how to take care of yourself," He went back to observing the schedule, unable to deny to himself that he was impressed with Dagur's sense of personal responsibility.

Dagur grinned smugly and puffed out his chest abit as he laid back to now relax in his chair, basking in his small victory of having gained a compliment from his beloved burnet.

Hiccup didn't notice and finished going over which days to study what topics, writing the needed information on a seperate sheet of paper and handing it and the schedule back to Dagur. "Here. Hold on to this so you know what books to bring on what days,"

"Bring...?"

"Yeah, to my house," the burnet replied bordely, packing his things up in his messenger bag.

"Your house?" Dagur felt his face heat up again.

"Well, where did you think we were gunna study?" Hiccup asked curiously as he stood, holding his books for next class to his chest.

Dagur's mouth opened and closed several times before he quickly stood, clearing his throat. "Ah...I...I guess I didn't think that far

ahead. Y-you're right, you're place is best," _Oh dear lord, now I get to see where Hiccup lives..._ "I...just figured that since we were meeting from...well for a long time...I..."

"I'll take care of dinner if that's what your worried about," Hiccup spoke up, rolling his eyes.

"No! I mean...I don't wanna be a jerk and take advantage-"

"What advantage?" Hiccup passed him casually, Dagur quickly stepping to move with him. "My dad's been complaining I don't eat enough so he stocks up like the world is going to end," He shrugged. "Feeding you might put a dent it in and get him off my back for a while,"

Dagur relaxed. "Oh...Cool then. I'm happy to be of service," _Though you probably should eat more...Seriously, you probably weigh ninety pounds at the most..._ "So...I'm coming to your place after school then?"

"You can come by at four-thirty,"

"I don't know where you live,"

"Just a few blocks from Scott's. I wrote the directions down on your book list,"

"Oh, cool. Thanks..." Just then the bell rang and before he had a chance to say anything more, Hiccup strode down to class.

Dagur frowned at the sight. For the first time in his life, he wished he was in calculus.

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It seemed like forever since he saw Hiccup last. At the moment, he was on the computer in Snotlout's room, killing time while the other was changing clothes.

Sighing as he scrolled over uninteresting things on his Facebook (because even delinquents have Facebook, right?). Why did no one ever have anything interesting to say? He needed to kill time until he could see Hiccup again! He rolled his eyes when he scrolled down and saw that Snotlout had posted a topless picture of himself flexing in front of his mirror. _No wonder that idiot is taking so long..._

Unable to resist, he typed up a comment: "quit gawking at yourself in the mirror and get in here! im bored!"

Within seconds, he got a reply: "couldn't help it. just lookin too damn sexy. gotta practice my moves for the ladies ;)"

Dagur frowned and typed again. "whatever. should i just take off then? i dont feel like sitting by myself"

Snotlout countered: "dude chill. you sound like a chick"

Before Dagur could go and punch the cocky bastard, another comment was added:

"You're in the bathroom flexing when you have a guest over? You're a terrible host!"

Dagur's face heated up at the name. Hiccup...Hiccup had Facebook!

"stay off my page loser! me and Dagur r talking!"

"Then talk to him OFF of the newsfeed. He's right in the other room."

"dont make me block u!"

"If you recall it wasn't my idea to be friends on FB. It was our dads. Dagur, if you want, you can just come over now if you want. I got done with my chores earlier than expected."

Dagur felt his heart skip a beat. He wound up making a reply the same time as Snotlout.

"u mean it?! i can come over now?"

"what makes u think he's goin ovr there?"

Dagur scoffed at Snotlout. What an idiot. Hiccup beat him to the punch, though: "He has a study session planned in a little while anyways. If you're not going to be a good host to your friends, then I will."

"like my friends would ever hang out with u!"

Dagur beamed. He typed his reply and then clicked to send Hiccup a friend request. "On my way now :) thx Hiccup"

In no time he signed off and bolted down the stairs and out the door, running all the way to Hiccup's house.

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you'll have to wait to see what the terms are~

plz review~

3. Chapter 3

chapter three~

ready to learn term number 2?

i hope so!

enjoy!

oooooooooooo

Dagur was at Hiccup's front porch in almost no time, making sure to double check the address written in his hand before knocking. Quickly trying to compose himself, he suddenly felt dizzy. Finally he was going to see where Hiccup lived!

When the door opened, he was almost bouncing with anticipation, eager to see his beloved...

...Only to have his eyes rest on a very large chest.

Dagur's confidence almost left him as he slowly trailed his eyes up, seeing first a large and braided orange beard and then hazel eyes glaring from above.

Holy hell... "Um...Hi, I'm Dagur," he introduced. He became even more nervous when the man didn't reply and instead still kept staring him down. Dagur swallowed nervously. Not many people could intimidate him, but this guy was something else. "Um...I think I might have the wrong address...Does Hiccup live here?"

"Dad, jeez!" At that moment, Hiccup was spotted next to the large man, gently resting his wrist against the other's. Dagur couldn't help but gawk slightly at how tiny Hiccup was in comparison. "I told you I had someone coming over to study,"

The man quirked a brow, still looking at Dagur. "This is the boy you're studying with?" Dagur had to keep from flinching at the sound of the deep voice and the disbelieving tone.

"Yeah, this is Dagur. He's one of Scott's friends. I'm sure you've seen him before, right?"

"Can't say I have," the man replied, stroking his chin (where Dagur assumed there was a chin at least) in thought. Finally he shrugged and offered a hand out. "Welcome then. I'm Hiccup's father,"

Dagur forced a smile on and reached to shake the other's hand, grateful the other made a point not to crush him. "Nice to meet you, sir," _So this is Snotlout's Uncle Stoick...Weird we haven't met before..._

"Come on upstairs," Hiccup invited. "I have everything set up. Did you bring your books?"

Dagur nodded eagerly, shrugging off his backpack and lifting it in gesture. "Yeah, right here," Stoick stepped back and watched as Dagur entered the home and slipped off his shoes by the door. "Thanks again for letting me come over early," he added, smiling as he began to follow Hiccup up the stairs.

"Didn't think you'd be so eager to come over," the burnet admitted.

"Hiccup,"

Dagur froze, afraid to turn around. Hiccup however, casually turned to look at his father. "Yeah?"

"...Keep your door open,"

Dagur's face heated up. Was he that obvious or was the man able to get inside his head that quickly?

Hiccup gave his father an odd look but shrugged. "Sure...Uh...This

way, Dagur," He led the red-head down the hall, plush creme colored carpet complimenting the robin's egg blue paint nicely. Last door on the left was Hiccup's.

As soon as Dagur stepped inside he took in every detail he could and was honestly surprised. On the walls were dozens of drawings and sketches (and printed pictures, he noted) of dragons. All different colors and sizes. Some breathing fire, some breathing ice, some asleep peacefully, some in mid-flight. There were even a couple pictures of little families of dragons, with the little ones playing around the mother and father. Dagur smiled and took in the room more. There was a large window across from them with a place to sit, and a short dresser beside it. Beside them was Hiccup's desk, holding his laptop (which was on) and a printer as well as a bottle of water and some papers. On the left side, right in front of the door was the bed, unmade, the brown comforter tossed about. On the right was a bookshelf overflowing with books and next to it a table cluttered with art supplies and sketchbooks, even some loose papers with barely started drawings, a sturdy wooden chair seated at it.

Hiccup took a seat at his desk and waited for Dagur to stop looking around, suddenly feeling nervous. "Yeah, I know it's a mess, but...I wasn't expecting my dad to be home so we have to settle for studying in here today,"

"No, it's cool," Dagur assured. He set his bag down and pulled his jacket off, leaving him in just a white tee, jeans and socks. He hung it on the door handle figuring since the door had to be open it didn't matter. "Just wasn't what I expected is all,"

Hiccup scoffed. "Well what did you expect? A hot tub?"

Dagur held back as well as he could the images that brought to mind. Hiccup...soaking wet... "N-no, just...thought maybe there'd be posters of Einstien or something,"

Hiccup nodded in understanding. "I see...Well, sorry to disappoint. You go ahead and sit down anywhere," he gestured then moved to pull a folder from the bottom drawer of his desk. Dagur took the seat from the art table and brought it to be next to Hiccup's, unzipping his bag and pulling out his notebook (which he just bought so Hiccup wouldn't find any embarrassing scrawls).

"So...You like dragons?"

Hiccup let out a dry chuckle, making Dagur shiver. He'd never made Hiccup smile before... "And you're not on Honor Roll," he joked. He turned back to Dagur, making the red-head's heart nearly stop when he saw a smile smile was still gracing those lips... "Why don't we tackle math since you have it tomorrow? Do you remember what you've been covering in class?"

"Ah...just doing stuff with fractions..." Dagur frowned. "I suck at fractions," he admitted. "I never know what to put so I end up just guessing and getting it wrong,"

Hiccup's smile grew a fraction as he nodded in understanding. "Well that's what you're here for. To learn. Go ahead and get out your book and we'll get started. Did you have an assignment you had to do for tomorrow?"

It was slow going at first, but eventually Dagur was able to get on track, immersing in the subject so as not to stare at Hiccup. It turned out that Hiccup was a really good teacher, making it very easy for him to understand. It helped that Hiccup would sometimes grab Dagur's pencil from him to show him how to format the problems so the numbers didn't get jumbled up, leaning over just enough that Dagur caught the sweet scent of the other's hair.

In no time he was done with his math and they were able to move on to Earth Sciences. (How Hiccup made the rock cycle sound so interesting was beyond him, but Dagur loved it nonetheless.) And then after that, they began touching on Health. Hiccup was just getting Dagur into picking out a topic to write about from the list the instructor handed out when they were interrupted by a loud ring coming from Hiccup's cell.

Hiccup paused, touching the side button on the flip phone before turning back to the red-head. "That's my cue to make dinner. Keep thinking over a topic and I'll be back up to check on you," With that, Hiccup left the room, oblivious to the eyes that followed him.

Once he was alone, Dagur sighed, almost in disbelief as to what had happened. Not only was he actually making an attempt to get better at school, but he could actually tell he was learning a lot without feeling too overwhelmed. Kaufman had said something about Hiccup wanting to get into teaching and it showed. He certainly had the passion for it. Wonder what he wants to teach... A quick scan of the room and he had his answer. Probably art... He looked back to the paper with the topics in front of him and figured he might as well try to get some work done on his own to prove he wasn't completely helpless. After all, it was only an opinion-thing and just had to be two hundred words.

oo

By the time Hiccup had come back, Dagur was just re-reading his short essay to see if it sounded as stupid as he thought.

Hiccup just stood at the door for a moment, having not announced his presence yet. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Dagur was actually still working...He could see the way the other furrowed his brow at seeing small mistakes in his writing, quickly earasing rewiriting the portain and then looking it over again, a more satisfied look on his face. Hiccup blinked as he took it in. He thought Dagur would just play around on the computer or on his cell phone...Hell, maybe try to find something in the room more entertaining to do or maybe looking for blackmail worthy items but no. Maybe Hiccup had been wrong about him... Hesitantly he cleared his throat and Dagur snapped his head up in response. "Dinner's done...You uh...can wash up in the bathroom across the hall and come down," Not trusting his voice any more, Hiccup quickly disappeared back down the hall.

When he got back to the kitchen, he saw his father coming and beginning to set the table. "Your friend staying?" He asked gently, mentally noting the flush on Hiccup's cheeks.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "He's not my friend but...yeah, he

is,"

Stoick nodded. He knew it was hard for Hiccup to make friends but he had yet to figure out why. After all, there was no mistaking the way that boy was around his son. Like he couldn't wait to see him... Of course he learned to spot that look. Often times when Hiccup accompanied him on errands, he caught numerous boys and girls (and some grown men, must to his disliking) giving second and third looks. Hiccup just seemed so clueless to it... Was it that way at school, too? "Oh? So what is he then?"

Hiccup occupied himself with serving up the food, giving generous portions to each dish (especially his dad's) and shrugged. "Just a classmate that I was asked to help tutor. No big deal,"

Stoick took his seat and watched Hiccup carefully. There was something...off... But he dismissed it once he saw the flash of pain on Hiccup's face. It was gone as soon as it came, but he caught it. "Do you need me to ask him to leave?" He asked quietly.

Hiccup quickly shook his head. "No, I'm okay. He'll be leaving soon after dinner anyway. It's already seven,"

Stoick nodded in response. Just then Dagur hesitantly stepped into the kitchen, looking as though he was feeling very out of place. "Ah, there you are. Have a seat," Stoick gestured to the chair at the right of him.

Dagur nodded. "Thank you, sir," He looked over to Hiccup who was grabbing something from below the sink. "You're eating, too, right?"

Hiccup nodded absently. "Yeah, just gotta feed Toothless first," he replied, shaking the box in his hand which Dagur now saw was cat food.

Dagur nodded, going over to his seat, still watching as Hiccup poured food into the bowl by the patio door. In no time, a black cat rushed into the room and began eating while Hiccup washed his hands. Dagur smiled. "Oh, I didn't know you had a cat,"

"Just two years now," Stoick replied, surveying the young man. When Hiccup sat back down, Stoick began eating. "So, Hiccup, anything new happen lately?"

"Not really," Hiccup replied. "Aside from tutoring now, of course,"

"Of course...How is Francis*?"

"Francis?" Dagur asked curiously, admiring the food before him. In Hiccup's home...Eating his cooking...It was like a dream come true!

Hiccup glanced up at Dagur, looking like he almost forgot the red-head was there. "Yeah...Just someone I met a long time ago," he shrugged off, his cheeks turning pink again. He took a bite to avoid answering anything else Dagur might come up with. Once he saw Dagur digging into the food (rather eagerly though not enough to be gross or sloppy), he answered his dad. "He's fine. Said he might be coming

to visit his aunt and she lives about ten minutes from here. Asked if I'd like to hang out,"

Stoick smiled. "Well, that found be fine then,"

Dagur listened closely, absorbing as much information as he could. So Hiccup did have friends...Or at least one...

"And Astrid?"

Well...Make that two...

"Just got a job at the waterpark," Hiccup replied simply. "Might see her this summer, though, so that's something,"

"And who's Astrid?" Dagur asked, making sure not to talk with his mouth full.

"Francis' cousin," Hiccup responded. He quirked a brow at Dagur. "Why so curious?"

Dagur shrugged. "I dunno. You don't seem to like talking to people and now I find out you have a whole life no one knows about. Makes you sound like some secret agent," he teased.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Francis is just someone I met at camp when I was little. Well...littler. And then I met his cousin. We just keep in touch through emails and Facebook,"

Dagur nodded at the new information. "What kinda camp was it? Was it for art?"

Both Hiccup and Stoick looked at him oddly, surprise written on both expressions. "What makes you say that?" Hiccup asked carefully.

"Just...uh...Saw the drawings on your walls and figured you really like art so...I mean don't they have camps like that?" He honestly didn't know. He'd never been to a camp in his life, let alone for an entire summer.

"I...Yes, it was for art," Hiccup's cheeks turned pink again. My god, what's wrong with me?!

"Do ya go every year?"

"I used to,"

"How come you don't anymore?"

Stoick cleared his throat, grabbing Dagur's attention. "He now spends summers here at home, where I can keep better eye on him," he answered for his son. It was true enough. He was the police chief. It didn't leak the whole truth, but it was better than nothing.

Dagur nodded, seeming satisfied with the answer. All it did though was make him curious that maybe Hiccup had done something. Maybe he was more of a trouble maker than he led Dagur to believe...

By the time dinner was over and the dishes were done (Dagur insisted

on helping since Hiccup was tutoring him for free), it was past eight.

"So, any more topics to cover for tonight?" Dagur asked as he helped dry the dishes. He knew he couldn't stay forever but he didn't really want to leave before he had to.

Hiccup shook his head. "None that I can think of. Did you finish your assignment for Health?"

"Yeah, but...I think you better read over it for me...I'm no good at writing,"

Hiccup didn't bother saying anything more and once they got upstairs, he quickly went to read over the essay, Dagur sitting beside him again. The first couple of times he read through it, he added some punctuation and explained why it needed to be changed. By the third time, however, it was all in all a pretty well put together piece. "Looks like you should be fine for tomorrow,"

Dagur beamed when he got his notebook back, sliding it into his bag. He looked to the digital clock on Hiccup's nightstand and saw it was now eight thirty-two. Looking back to Hiccup, he nodded. "Thank you for helping me with all of this. I know I can be a pain and it means a lot," It was true, too. He knew well enough he had a bad reputation and made a lot of people uncomfortable.

Hiccup nodded. "No problem. Let me walk you o—" He stopped his movement to stand suddenly, bracing himself against his desk, a flash of pain on his face.

Dagur went wide-eyed. "Hey, you alright? What's wrong,"

"Nothing," Hiccup forced out. He shook his head. "Come on. I'm walking you out," Dagur knew he was lying but said nothing, grabbing his jacket and bag and following the other, unable to help but notice the ever so slight limp that Hiccup had.

Once he was on the porch, he also saw the way Hiccup was using the frame as a slight support. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"It's nothing," Hiccup forced out. "Bye," The door was quickly shut and Dagur frowned. He had to find out...

Term Two: "Nothing"

"means something is up or wrong"

ooooooooooooooo

Francis = Fishlegs. I thought Francis suited him lol

plz review~

4. Chapter 4

enjoy~

oooooooooooooooooooo

Dagur groaned as he laid his head on his desk, waiting as more and more students came in for first period. He hadn't gotten to sleep until late and then when he did sleep, he woke up at the worse possible time!

He had laid in bed forever just thinking about Hiccup. Why didn't he go to camp anymore? Was his father protective or did the man not trust his son alone? Was Francis more than a friend or something? And why did Hiccup look like he was in pain? Also, where was his mother? Did his dad get custody? Did she pass away? Was she with someone else? Was she in jail?

The more tired he became and the less able he was to think up questions, he began to smile stupidly to himself at the fact that he managed to become so close to the burnet. He learned a little about Hiccup's life at home, saw his room, and got in such close proximity...

It didn't help that Hiccup's comment about the hottub kept popping up in his head and was probably what led to his dream about the burnet.

Dagur smiled against his crossed arms and bit back the urge to groan as he remembered Hiccup, soaking wet, pressed against him, those thin legs straddling him but the smaller teen torturing him by not providing any friction. Dagur vaguely remembered begging for Hiccup to stop teasing him and just get on with it. Those hands running over his bare chest, those lips gently brushing against his neck and ear...Then finally those lips curled into a sultry smirk and Hiccup ground his hips down...

...just as the alarm went off.

This time Dagur groaned in frustration, not caring about the odd looks he was probably getting. It was just so damn perfect and he hadn't had a dream about Hiccup in that much detail in so long and dear god it was so good and-

"Hey!" A hard pat came onto his back and Dagur was brought back to reality (cold unforgiving reality) at the sound of Snotlout's voice. "Where did you disappear to yesterday! I thought we were gunna hang out!"

Dagur lifted his head to frown at the other. "You were too busy taking selfies so I went to see Hiccup," Honestly, did he really not remember?

Snotlout's eyes widened a bit. "Don't tell me you actually went over to Hiccup's!"

"Why would I joke about that?"

"Dude, he's a nerd! What reason did you have for going over there?"

"I told you I had a tutoring session," Dagur replied very matter-of-factly. What reason did he have to be embarrassed? After all, it meant he got to spend time with the gorgeous freckled angel~

Snotlout rolled his eyes. "So are we hanging out today then?"

"So long as I can leave before four thirty,"

"You're going over there again?!"

"Monday through Friday," Dagur stated, a smile on his face.

"Ya know, just because he doesn't have a life doesn't mean you should give up yours," Snotlout grumbled, taking his seat next to the red-head. "I know you've got this...weird obsession with him and all—" Oh, if he only knew~ "--but that doesn't mean you have to be attached to him,"

Him attached to my cock, more like, Woah! Bad thoughts! Dagur cleared his throat and tried to fight down his blush. "He's a lot cooler than you think, actually. He brings the funny and aside from being smart, he's also good at drawing and cooking," Seriously, he would be the perfect wife! All wearing an apron during the day and something maybe a little more lacy at night-

...Not that Dagur liked the idea of Hiccup in lingerie, because he didn't.

...So there...

Snotlout scoffed. "Whatever. If he's so awesome how come he doesn't have any friends?"

"Yeah, he does," Dagur replied quickly. "From a camp he used to go to," Now that he knew Hiccup had friends, he wasn't going to tolerate Snotlout using the burnet's preference to be alone as ammunition.

"A camp for slow kids?" The raven teased.

Dagur lightly glared at the other, making Snotlout almost flinch.
"No. For art,"

Snotlout frowned for a moment before forcing his smug grin back on.
"Any names by chance?"

"Francis and Astrid," Dagur replied smartly. "Francis from camp and Astrid is his cousin. He keeps in touch with them through Facebook,"

"Still doesn't prove they're real. He could've made em up,"

"Hiccup didn't bring them up. His dad did," Dagur countered, getting fed up. What was Snotlout's problem with his cousin? "And one of em might be visiting a relative close to here soon so there,"

At the mention of Uncle Stoick, Snotlout's smug disappeared, knowing full well that though his uncle was protective of Hiccup, he wouldn't lie for him. Frowning, he gave up trying to think of some reason for Dagur to stay away from his weaker relative. "So you are going over there again?"

"Need some help with a creative writing assignment," Dagur laid his head on his crossed arms again, a small smile on his face knowing

he'd successfully defended his beloved from slander.

oooooooooooooooooooo

just some sweetness here~

5. Chapter 5

im so happy you guys are enjoying this as much as i am~!

enjoy~

oooooooooooooooooooo

Physical Education was by far Dagur's favorite class. He only had it on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, but still it was the best eighty minutes of school in his opinion. And not just because he ranked highest in reps and weight and such. Not even because it was a legal way for him to vent and tackle his fellow peers.

No, the thing he loved the most was that he had it with Hiccup~

For some reason, though, Hiccup only took role as an insistant instructor making sure all the other students were under control. Dagur never figured out why that was but found himself also never questioning it since it proved to be necessary. There were times that the roudier teens (including himself) would get sidetracked in little contests like 'who can do the most bench presses with such a number of weight' or 'bet I can clear all ten of those hurdles no problem' or even 'I can double jump rope longer than you can'!

...Yeah, sometimes it was just to kill boredom that might ensue.

Anyway, at least once during each class, Hiccup was forced to have to come up to them and tell them to break it up because A) everyone was moving on to the next activity or B) the bell rang so get moving.

Plus, Dagur always took these classes as an oppritunity to try and impress Hiccup with his strength and ability.

Not that it seemed to work yet. Hiccup always seemed to be either running some errand for the instructor (Gobber), getting other students to behave, or had his nose in some book he brought.

Despite the tutoring sessions now taking place, Dagur figured that it would be the same routine. As much as he wanted Hiccup to fall in love with him over night, it wasn't likely.

But when he came up from the locker room, Hiccup wasn't nose-deep in a book. He was simply sitting on the bleachers waiting for class to start.

Dagur smiled, raising an eyebrow at this as he walked past, his pace slow and casual. "No book today?"

Hiccup looked at the other curiously as if to ask 'you pay attention to what I do?' but instead coolly replied, "Forgot to grab one this morning,"

Dagur's smile widened, now realizing he had a chance at grabbing the other's attention. "Tsk, tsk on being unprepared for class!" He teased, gaining an odd look from Tuffnut who was lounging on the floor and watching from a distance.

Hiccup rolled his eyes in return, saying nothing while Dagur went to go and sit by Tuffnut and some of the other guys in the class, the blonde eyeing the red-head carefully.

oo

After warm-ups and stretches, the class was led outside for tackle football. As they all trudged out, following Gobber who was limping along, Tuffnut stepped close to Dagur.

"Psst!"

Dagur looked at the other oddly. "What?" He returned quietly, figuring this was meant to be a quiet hush-hush conversation.

Tuffnut grinned. "You like em, don't cha? Snot's cousin,"

Dagur's cheeks pinked a bit. "Yeah, so?"

"He likes you too,"

Now Dagur's face flamed. "What makes you say that?"

"If I'da known you liked him I woulda tolds you sooner," Tuff went on.

"What are you talking about?!" Dagur practically hissed, desperate.

"Just watch em today, okay. But, uh...don't make it obvious that you're watching him or he'll stop," With that, Tuffnut took off, leaving Dagur with his frying out brain.

oo

Tuffnut's task was easier said than done.

Everytime Dagur got up the nerve to try and spy on the burnet he flaked. By the time the class was half over, he was frustrated.

During the break from the game, Tuff ran over to the red-head, looking as frustrated as Dagur. "What are you doing? I thought I told you to watch him," his voice was as hushed as possible and he frowned at the other.

Dagur scowled. "I can't tell if I'm getting a reaction. I'll blow it if I look," he admitted.

Tuff rolled his eyes, looking irritated. Then...smiled softly. "Okay,

look casual. He's looking,"

Dagur's eyes widened and he fought the urge to turn to look. "He...he is...? You're not just messing with me?"

Tuff made a quick glance at the burnet and looked back to Dagur, smiling and punching him lightly on the shoulder as though Dagur had just told him some funny joke. "Yeah he totally is. Look loose and relaxed. Pretend we're talking,"

"We are talking,"

"Okay, now take off your shirt. But look like you're doing it because it's hot out and not because I told you to,"

"It is hot out," Dagur pointed out, using the collar of his shirt to fan himself a little for the dozenth time that day.

Tuff grinned. "Yeah, exactly,"

Dagur put his hands on his hips and frowned at the other, not willing to get jerked around.

Tuff groaned. "Come on! He's gunna look away!"

Dagur bit his lip. He wanted Hiccup's attention so bad...

_Fuck it. _

Without further delay, he pulled his navy blue shirt up, exposing his toned chest.

Tuff bit back a grin threatening to form as he made a quick glance past Dagur. "Oh yeah, that did it. I'm awesome,"

"And you're not just screwing with me, right?"

"Go look for yourself when you go to put your shirt by the weight room shed," Tuff added smugly before going back over to his side.

Dagur watched as the other left, frowning. Finally working up his nerve, he rolled his shoulders in and effort to relax and turned to go and place his shirt on the bench beside the shed as advised, chancing a glace up from the ground and spotting that Tuff was indeed teeling the truth.

There, in the shade was Hiccup nervously fiddling with the hair behind his ear and making numerous quick (but noticeable) glances over to Dagur, his cheeks flushed making an obvious effort not to bite his lip.

Dagur held back a smug grin. So...Hiccup was interested. How long had this been going on?

Trying to keep his composure, he reached the bench and casually tossed his shirt down before grabbing his water bottle, glancing over to Hiccup who quickly looked back to the feild, his cheeks still pink. From this range, Dagur was able to spot that the burnet's fingers were twitching slightly.

Unable to keep from smiling, Dagur broke the silence between them. "Hot out today, huh?" Weather was a lame topic, but it was better than nothing.

Hiccup jolted a bit at the sound of the red-head's voice. "Y..yes, it is rather...warm..." He cleared his throat, his flush increased from his voice coming out so shaky.

Dagur grinned even more. His chances were better than he thought. "Hey, we are still on for tutoring today, right?"

Hiccup looked over to the other, but was unable to stop from looking between Dagur's toned legs, arms, and chest and so forced his gaze away again. "Don't have anything better to do on a Friday night?" He forced out.

Dagur leaned over to place his water bottle back down, purposely getting closer to the other and noting the faint hitch in the burnet's breathing. "What's better than hanging out with someone like you?" He asked honestly. "I like you,"

At that moment green eyes finally locked with his own and Dagur was almost certain his heart would stop beating. He saw as Hiccup looked at him carefully, trying to find something that wasn't there. Dagur knew the other didn't trust him yet and expected him to be fooling around, but he didn't like joking when it came to Hiccup.

When those freckled features conveyed confusion, Dagur smiled softly knowing that Hiccup was unable to find some hidden motive. "I know I might seem like a jerk," he admitted, "but I actually do like you. I want to be friends...and maybe someday-"

"DAGUR! ON THE FEILD!"

Dagur mentally cursed at Gobber's interruption. Giving Hiccup a weak apologetic smile, he took off, feeling those eyes following him.

oooooooooooooo

wont have internet for a while so updates wont be for a week or so at the most

but i promise to make it up to you by making next chapter longer and full of more dagcup goodness~

6. Chapter 6

enjoy~

oooooooooooooooooooo

Dagur was even more eager to see Hiccup at four thirty after what happened during phys ed. He was currently humming to himself as he lounged in Snotlout's room, his arms hooked behind his head as he lay back against a worn out black bean bag chair. His eyes were closed as he recalled the looks Hiccup had given him (more specifically, his body) before.

Snotlout was scrolling through his newsfeed on his computer as he sat on his bed, frowning to himself. He had looked up Hiccup's profile and found that Dagur had been telling the truth: Hiccup did have friends by the name of Francis and Astrid. What's worse, both profiles were legit. (Not to mention that Astrid girl was hott as hell! How did Hiccup manage to become friends with her?!)

He huffed and looked over to Dagur, almost sickened by that love-struck look on the red-head's face. "Seriously, you're starting to creep me out," he said blandly, breaking the silence.

Dagur hummed in response but other than that remained the same.

It was seriously getting on Snotlout's nerves. "Will you snap out of it! That's my cousin you're getting all girly over!"

Dagur smirked, finally looking to the other. "You don't get it cause you're related to him," He checked his phone, seeing he only had a little more to wait before heading to his love's home.

"You're damn right I don't get it. I thought you were just after sex,"

Dagur rolled his eyes. "So you approve of me using Hiccup for sex but dating is out of the question? What's your issue?"

"It's just...two guys together...it's wrong!" Snotlout shuddered. "I mean it's just too weird to think about!"

"You idiot, it's not about being gay!" Dagur snapped. "It's just that I like Hiccup in particular. So what if I like him more than I would any other guy? Hell, anyone else period,"

"So the fact that he has a dick has nothing to do with it?"

Dagur was tempted to punch the raven-hair square in the mouth for that comment but refrained, another thought coming to mind. "Of course it doesn't. Just like Hiccup doesn't mind that I have a dick," He smirked then. "In fact, it seems to be one of the reasons he likes me,"

Snotlout's expression was torn between confusion and trauma. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Dagur shrugged, looking casual as he checked the time on his phone again. "Oh, nothing. Just that he was checking me out during PE today. Looks like seeing me topless really revs up his engine,"

"Oh-ewEwEw!" Snotlout waved his arms wildly and covered his ears. "I don't wanna hear that!"

Dagur grinned, enjoying the other's reaction. "What? You don't like the idea of your cousin being so into me?" He paused seeing Snotlout's half-hearted glaring troll face. "...Think I'm good jerk off material?"

"ARG!" Snotlout launched pillow at the other, which Dagur smacked so it didn't hit him square in the face. Still, Dagur couldn't resist

laughing. "Jerk off material...Man, keep that to yourself!" He huffed, turning his attention back to the computer in his lap.

Dagur watched the other for a moment, his laughs dying down. After a moment, he jumped up his spot and plopped down next to Snotlout on the bed. "Hey, what do you really think of me and Hiccup being together?"

Snotlout huffed again. "Not that I think you will end up together, but either way there's not much I can do about it," he shrugged. "Uncle Stoick on the other hand..."

Dagur frowned at that. "What about him?"

"Just he's really protective and cheif of police and...might not allow it is all," Dagur groaned. One step forward, three steps back...He flopped back onto the bed dramatically, making a smile threaten to spread on Snotlout's face. It wasn't often that Dagur was dramatic, after all. "Look, if Hiccup is actually into you and Stoick knows then he might be a little more...I dunno...accepting of the idea. Just don't expect him to like you right away,"

Dagur sighed silently. If he could just convince Hiccup he was serious about him...

oooo

When Dagur got there, Hiccup was acting as though nothing had happened before. He only casually let Dagur in and told him they would be studying in the kitchen since his dad was working.

Dagur was a little upset by the fact Hiccup wasn't flustered like before. Did he imagine it...?

He watched Hiccup carefully as the burnet helped him with his creative writing assignment. Dagur had written up a simple draft and asked Hiccup to read through it for any errors or offer any advice on how to make it better. It was just meant to be a hand written three to five page short story (fictional, of course). Then the students had to add how they came up with their idea. As in what inspired them and such.

Dagur hadn't really planned to have as much of it done as he did, but after what happened earlier, he thought it'd be good to throw something together. It wound up being a fictional fantasy piece inspired by the very person now reading it.

The red-head fidgeted nervously, his cheeks a deep pink as he handed Hiccup his notebook (a separate one since he figured he'd mess up a lot and therefore need a lot of paper). Taking a deep breath he watched as Hiccup read his horrible train-wreck:

Once there was a prince who lived alone.

The prince had a father and a few other relatives that lived outside the small kingdom, and a nice home, but for some reason he never seemed to be happy.

No one knew why someone like the prince was so sad. After all, the

prince was beautiful with brown locks that held orange and red in the right light and eyes as vivid as the lush leaves on the trees. He was smaller than most boys his age, and so a lot more fragile, but he never seemed to mind it. _

For some reason, the prince didn't like to be near people. If someone tried to get close, the prince would act coldly towards them. It was as if he was afraid to be close to anyone. So the prince spent most of his time up in his room, spending a lot of time looking out on the kingdom from his balcony.

_His father, though, insisted that his son be protected at all times and so gave a declaration that he wanted every man able to fight to compete and the strongest would have proven themselves worthy enough to be the prince's personal guard and would be knighted. He thought that if his son felt safe, maybe he would leave his room more and become closer to people. _

_On the morning of the competition, right when everyone in town was running around from the excitement of seeing all these travelers mounted on their horses from near and far, another traveler came. This one was younger, but strong, holding a small bag slung over his shoulder that held everything he owned. _

_Not knowing about the competition that was planned, the boy wandered around the town, not liking how some of the men who were to compete were behaving. They all seemed more bark than bite and were not that impressive. _

_After a while, the boy asked a local townswoman what all the commotion was about. _

_ "You didn't come here to watch the competition?" When the boy shook his head, she continued. "All the men here are competing to be knighted and become the personal guard of the prince," She gestured to the castle, pointing to the balcony where the prince stood.

—
_The boy turned to see, expecting some pampered brat but instead saw the most beautiful person he had ever seen. From where he stood, he noticed the hints of curves under his royal clothing, his mouth going dry from the small amount of exposed skin on the prince's shoulders as the boy gazed down over the town but never noticing him.

—
_The boy knew then he had to meet the prince. He had to know what color those eyes were and hear the sound of his voice. So the boy decided that he too would compete. _

_He was laughed at by the other competitors and the man that he had to sign in to, but the boy didn't care. He would prove his worth win he won. _

_All the competitors were let into the courtyard, where a bare patch meant to be the arena was, surrounded by stands built to hold anyone wishing to watch. _

_The king was standing, looking over the men carefully. He was a large man with a huge dark orange beard, built like an ox. Once he had everyone's attention, his voice boomed out. "Welcome one and all!"

It is a pleasant surprise to see such a turn out! As you know, you will all be matched up against each other until only one of you is standing. The winner will be knighted and will then be appointed as the personal guard of my son," The king stepped aside to show that the prince was seated on the smaller throne beside his father's.

—

_The boy noted from where he stood that the prince didn't seem very happy to be there and was staring off into some distant place rather than looking over the men that would be fighting. It made the boy even more curious to know more about the prince. _

_It also made him frustrated because with those eyes lidded, he was still unable to tell what color those eyes were. _

_For hours, fights went on with people cheering. Many people were badly injured. Eventually, it looked like one man was going to beat every last one of them. _

_The boy was the last to be able to fight, having signed his name only moments before the competition. He was determined to win, though, so even as he stepped onto the field, readying to fight a man the size of the king, he held his ground, only a sword in his hand.

—

_The man laughed at him. "No shield? No armor? You've already lost!" The people watching laughed, too. All save for the King who was looking on curiously, and the prince who finally looked up to see what was happening. _

The boy's attention was locked on his opponent, so he didn't know he had the prince's attention. "I don't need to hide behind anything," He said. "All I need is a sword. I'll have you begging for mercy!"

_The man laughed again and lifted his large axe, bringing it down to strike the boy who stepped out of the way just in time and thrust his sword into the man's right calf, making the fighter yell out. The one thing the boy had learned from watching was that he could use his slightly smaller size to his advantage. He had muscle, but that alone wouldn't make him win. He would need speed. _

_When the man lifted his axe again, the boy lept to his feet and forced himself forward, swinging his sword upward to cut the hand that the man used to hold his shield. As the man was left gaping at his hand, the boy took the chance to swing his blade at the handle of the man's axe, making the heavy double-bladed weapon fall to the ground with a thud, leaving nothing for the man save his helmet and the handle of his former axe. _

_The boy then thrust his sword upward, the fast movement causing the man to fall back in surprise. Still, the boy held the tip of his blade close to the man's dark bearded neck, his eyes daring the man to keep fighting. _

There were a few moments that passed before the King stood, stating that he had seen enough. "It looks like we have a winner!"

_The crowd cheered and the boy looked up to the stands, feeling a bit like he was in a daze. He looked to the King who nodded to him in

approval, and then his eyes wandered to the prince who turned out to have wide eyes that were the most beautiful rich shade of green the boy had ever seen. _

_The boy smiled up at the prince, pride filling his chest. _

The man on the ground however was furious. He refused to be bested by someone like this boy. He grabbed the sword from the boy's hand and shoved him roughly to the ground, knocking the wind out of him. When the boy looked up, he saw the man raising the sword before swinging it down

Hiccup looked at the paper in a huff. There was no end...Dagur hadn't written an end!

"That bad, huh?"

Hiccup looked up to see Dagur blushing furiously. The burnet shook his head, a little embarrassed he'd forgotten Dagur was even there. "N-no...It's good. You can change some stuff and maybe look for a word to exchange for competition in some places..." He looked over the papers, scanning his eyes over Dagur's surprisingly nice handwriting. "It'd help to give the characters names, too. At least the main ones,"

Dagur bit his lip and nodded, observing the information.

Hiccup hummed to himself. "It needs an end, too..."

The red-head smiled softly. "I got stuck on that...I wasn't sure whether the boy would die or whether he would really end up with the prince,"

"I think a happier ending would be better," Hiccup said rather absent-mindedly. It was clear he hadn't caught the message Dagur had been hoping he would.

Dagur scooted closer, just by a bit. "I was...also wondering if they should kiss. Ya know to finalize the whole happily ever after thing,"

Hiccup let out a dry laugh. "It's surprising enough to me that you wrote a story featuring two guys," He shrugged. "But, hey, if you want them to kiss, it's your story,"

"I'm just not sure how the prince would react," Dagur spoke a tad softer now and moved closer.

Hiccup failed to notice as he closed the notebook. "Well, I think it'd be kind of flattering to have someone willing to fight and die for you. If I had a guy like that, I'd probably say go ahead," He answered honestly, his tone a little sad as he gazed at the now closed notebook. What would that be like...?

He was so lost in thought, he didn't register that there were fingers on his cheek, turning his head ever so softly...

and lips pressing gently to his...

Hiccup's eyes snapped open and he bolted up, shoving Dagur back with

as much force as he could muster, looking at the other with fright and shock.

Dagur gazed up from the floor, surprised to get such a reaction.
"H-...Hiccup, I-"

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!?" Hiccup's face was red and he looked almost hysterical.

Dagur stood, holding his hands up in a display of meaning no harm.
"Hiccup, I just-"

"I don't know what joke you're playing, but it's not funny! Get out!"

"Hiccup-"

"OUT!" Without waiting for the other to move on his own, Hiccup grabbed Dagur's bag and shoved it at the boy's chest, making him go backwards towards the patio door as it was the closest exit possible.

Dagur stumbled as he was shoved back, the door not there to save him from falling as Hiccup slid it out of place. By the time he got back to his feet, Hiccup had slammed the door back shut and locked it before sliding the blinds into place.

Dagur stood for a moment, wondering if Hiccup would maybe calm down and let him back in...

...but his hopes were dashed when he saw the small form's silhouette from the other side of the blinds slide to the floor.

Dagur's chest lurched as he fell to his knees, pressing his hands and forehead against the glass in a vain attempt to be close to the other.

He heard the muffle sounds of Hiccup holding back his tears.

Term 3: "Go Ahead"

Often times is either a bluff or a dare rather than permission. Do not act using it as a green light..

ooooooooooooooo

okay so tried to make it longer

plz review~

7. Chapter 7

chapter seven...a bit longer than i originally planned but what can you do? lol

I would like to take this moment to give thanks to all of the people who read this, leave reviews, as well as favoriting and following the story. (not to mention those who added me in their authors list...i blush every time~)

i would also like to use this oppritunity to say one thing: while this is my first story with HTTYD, I don't just do Dagcup. Dagur is only one of the many characters I ship Hiccup with. I'm also a huge fan of Hijack, Toothcup, Hicret, and plenty of other pairings that feature both younger and older Hiccup. It just turned out that Dagcup was the pairing I did first.

now that that's out of the way, let the feels continue~

oooooooooooooooooooo

When Stoick came home, it was just a little past eight o' clock. Being Friday, Stoick had figured that he would walk into his home and find Hiccup with his new friend studying for whatever the red-head needed.

But when he stepped in, they weren't in the kitchen as Hiccup told him they would be.

Stoick frowned as he stepped forward, having to go through the kitchen to get to his bedroom and office (he insisted on being on the first floor to react quicker to any break-ins that might occur). He wanted to get out of his uniform and relax for a bit, but he dismissed the thought when a green notebook on the table caught his attention. Hiccup didn't normally leave things laying around outside of his room, so Stoick- ever curious- picked it up and flipped the pages, noting they were mostly blank.

No, this wasn't his son's. Hiccup would fill any paper he got with either writing or doodles of dragons.

But the very first pages were filled with writing. Opening to the first page, he saw Dagur's name written at the top, the heading he scrawled stating that this was a writing assignment. Wondering what it was possibly doing here, Stoick began reading it over, looking to see if Hiccup had begun editing it at all.

His brow furrowed together as he read the story. A prince and a king...and a boy who fell for the prince...

He closed the notebook and headed upstairs. The carpet padded his heavy footsteps as he made his way down the hall, surprised to see Hiccup's light was off. Carefully, Stoick opened the door and peered in, finding Hiccup already fast asleep in bed, laying on his side with Toothless curled up at his chest.

Stoick frowned again. Hiccup never went to bed this early...He stepped into the room carefully, the light from the hall now showing just why Hiccup was so worn down: his cheeks were redded and wet, evidence from crying.

Stoick looked over his son as much as he could without waking him. It didn't seem like his son was assaulted...and to be honest, he didn't think the red-head would do something like that.

He sighed softly, patting his son's head lovingly and setting the green notebook on his nightstand before leaving.

oooooooo

The next day was Saturday.

Meaning that Hiccup didn't have to worry about seeing Dagur from classes or have him over for tutoring, for which Hiccup was greatful.

His father had the day off and went to see his brother, asking Hiccup if he'd like to come alone. Surprisingly, when Hiccup refused, Stoick didn't push the matter like he normally did. Just smiled and said he'd be back later.

It was weird, but Hiccup decided to not question it. Obviously his dad knew something was off...So instead the burnet occupied his time by sketching.

He let his mind wander back to last night as he scrawled his hand over the paper rather absent-mindedly. He couldn't believe that Dagur had pulled that! He had thought that the red-head had some ulterior motive for being around Hiccup, but the last thing the burnet expected was to be used like some play toy! He had thought maybe Dagur wanted money or to cheat off of his own homework or...or anything else!

And to think he actually believed him when Dagur said he wanted to be friends and liked being around him! He just wanted to mess with Hiccup. And the burnet refused to be a part of it! It wasn't as if he liked Dagur anyway!

Even if the red-head was kinda...cute when he was clueless...And looked Hiccup in the eye when they spoke...And had that whole bad-boy image going for him what with those blue marks and leather jacket...And so what if Dagur looked good with his shirt off and smelled kinda good after working out-

Hiccup's face turned dark red and he shook his head furiously to rid himself of those thoughts. Arg! What was he thinking pining over that jerk!?

Hiccup groaned and flopped his head on his art table, earning a curious meow from Toothless who came over to look at his human.

Hiccup sighed and looked over to his cat, giving a weak smile as he picked him up. "I'm okay, bud. I just have to find a way to get out of these sessions before he tries anything else," Toothless cocked his head oddly as if to question why Hiccup would do that. "It's just...who knows what he'll try next, right?" Toothless shook his head as if to deny it.

Hiccup held his cat close and ran his hands over the black fur, peering over at his drawing. He frowned when he saw that he had made his simple little dragon with green eyes, sporting that blue mark design over the eye.

He shut his sketchbook, feeling his eyes sting a bit. He thought he had been so good keeping his distance but maybe he wasn't as good as keeping secrets as he thought. Maybe Dagur caught on that Hiccup liked him...Had liked him since they met...Dagur just seemed so

different from the other people he saw around Scott...

Why didn't being cold work on Dagur like it seemed to work on everyone else? How did the red-head figure it out? And...what else did he know...?

Hiccup shuddered at the thought of it and decided he needed to occupy his time some other way.

He set Toothless down and stood, stretching. As he did, he caught sight of the green notebook on his nightstand, not having noticed it before. How did it get in his room...?

Maybe Dad saw it..._

But that couldn't be the reason his dad was being easy on him today, was it? Hiccup rolled his eyes. Of course not! It was just a stupid story!

Though Hiccup would have liked to know the end of it...

He went into the bathroom and splashed cold water on his face in an effort to calm down, his mind wandering back to the story about the prince and the boy fighting for him. He didn't know how Dagur had come up with it...Hiccup grabbed a towel, patting the plush cotton on his face. It must have been based on someone Dagur was actually into...No one can fake being that sweet...

As Hiccup slid the towel back on the rack by the sink he caught a glimpse of his reflection, doing a double take. For the first time, he looked -really looked- at what he saw and his eyes widened in realization.

Brown hair that catches orange in certain light...Vibrant green...Soft features..._

...His eyes stung all over again and his knees felt weak as he ripped his eyes away from the image. Good god, he felt so stupid!

Not willing to have a breakdown in his bathroom, Hiccup trudged back to his room and collapsed on his bed, trying to come up with something else, anything else! Alot of people have brown hair and green eyes...It has to be someone else! But after almost an hour of trying to come up with someone who fit the character, he couldn't. After all, the prince's father looked exactly like his dad...

Good god, how could he not have seen it?!

Sighing deeply, Hiccup turned over and saw the notebook again. He stared blankly at it for some time, not even reacting when Toothless hopped up beside him and began meowing and crawling over him as if to insist Hiccup tell him what was wrong.

Finally, Hiccup's brow furrowed in determination. Sitting up, he grabbed a pen from his nightstand and opened the notebook to where Dagur had stopped and began writing.

ooooooooooooooo

plz review~

8. Chapter 8

chapter eight~

enjoy~

ooooooooooooooo

Dagur was moping.

He didn't want to be alone so he was in Snotlout's basement with the raven-hair and the twins, but he wasn't doing much to take part in anything, only staring at the tv blankly and speaking only when spoken to (though he usually only shrugged rather than actually speak).

Snotlout didn't ask why the red-head was in such a bad mood. Well...actually, a bad mood he could deal with. An angry Dagur was more fun than a moping one. But his friend right now seemed...out of it. Like he was just going through the motions. And maybe he was...Snotlout never was good at the whole 'feelings' thing. That didn't mean he wouldn't bet money it had something to do with Hiccup.

He tried to focus more on the twins playing their game but it was getting increasingly more difficult. All day Saturday and all day today and Dagur was just brooding in his basement.

Still, the raven-hair tried to be positive and made a point to be greatful that Dagur wasn't insisting on being all alone.

oooo

When Monday rolled around, Dagur wasn't sure whether to be excited about a chance to see Hiccup or terrified.

He just made the long walk to his locker, trying to make an effort to not hang his head in shame so that he didn't draw unwanted pity. When he reached his locker, he was a little surprised to see a manila envelope in front of it.

Looking around to see if someone dropped it, he shrugged and picked it up before opening his locker, using the tall narrow door as a sort of cover as he opened the envelope, becoming confused when he saw his green notebook in there.

He frowned. Hiccup must have been so furious he didn't want to see Dagur in person and so left it where the red-head would find it on his own.

Resisting the urge to hide, Dagur simply grabbed his books and shoved them in his bag before heading to his first class, not caring if it was vacant this early or not.

Going to sit in the last row, Dagur decided it was just a good a time as any to tack on a death scene at the end of his story so he didn't get in trouble for not finishing his assignment. He flipped to the page but found that there was added writing.

His eyes widened. Hiccup continued the story!

He eagerly read on, starting at where he left off:

The man on the ground however was furious. He refused to be bested by someone like this boy. He grabbed the sword from the boy's hand and shoved him roughly to the ground, knocking the wind out of him. When the boy looked up, he saw the man raising the sword before swinging it down-

-_the boy barely missing the blow. He stood, glaring at the other. He was unarmed, but he'd be damned if he gave up so easily. That's just the kind of person he was. _

_Luckily, he didn't seem to have to come up with some new plan as the King quickly ordered that the man be taken down and thrown out of the kingdom. As the man was being dragged out, the King and his son stepped onto the now former arena area, standing before the boy.

-

_While his father congratulated the young man and his brave efforts, the Prince tried not to look over the other. He was rather drawn to the pulled back red hair and dark forest green eyes. And those strange three blue marks over his left eye...He had a dangerous quality to him but for some reason it drew more of the Prince's attention rather than make him want to veer away. _

He frowned then as a thought came upon him: This boy...no, this man...he would now be knighted. He would have to be at the Prince's side all the time...And that meant he might find out the one thing the Prince tried to hide from everyone. The one thing only the King knew about...

_He dared a glance up and caught the red-head smiling at him...and the Prince couldn't help but wonder if he'd still be smiling once he learned the truth. _

Dagur sat there for a moment, feeling shell shocked. It was a sort of cliffhanger, but...it did resolve what happened...

He smiled softly, not willing to cry from happiness because that'd be a weak move. Not only did Hiccup seem to finally understand what Dagur meant when he wrote this and effectively save Dagur from getting in trouble with his teacher...but he gave Dagur an answer.

Hiccup really did like him. He just didn't know if Dagur would keep liking him if he found out why Hiccup stayed away from people.

"What are you hiding?"

oooo

During physical education, Dagur didn't see Hiccup at all. When he asked Gobber why, the blonde man said Hiccup insisted on organizing the supply room.

Dagur was a little disappointed but said nothing. Maybe Hiccup had decided it wasn't worth the risk to get close to the red-head.

Class took forever and Dagur was even more disappointed when he couldn't catch a glimpse of his beloved burnet.

He changed into his street clothes and grabbed his cell, giving an odd look when he saw he had a two notifications on it.

_Hiccup Haddock had accepted your friend request. Write on their timeline. _

You have a message from Hiccup Haddock

Dagur felt a smile spread across his face. He wasted no time opening the message.

_About Friday...Well, it happened. Whatever. _

_My house at four-thirty today. We need to talk and get more tutoring in to make up for lost time. _

Dagur beamed. Schoolwork or not, so long as he got to see Hiccup, who cares?!

Term 4: "Whatever"

_ "screw you" and/or "fuck it" _

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

plz review~

9. Chapter 9

chapter nine

nearing the end now

enjoy~

oooooooooooooooooooo

Dagur had stepped onto the front porch of Hiccup's home just at it turned four-thirty, eagerly knocking. He had been so excited to see the burnet that he almost forgot his bag at the school.

As expected, Hiccup didn't keep the red-head waiting and soon answered the door, a small and nervous smile gracing his features. "Hey...Come on upstairs," He turned his back to the other as he began to ascend the stairs, leaving Dagur to close the door as he came in, quickly slipping off his shoes and bounding up after the burnet.

As they entered the room, Dagur tried to play it off casually, setting his bag down and removing his jacket while Hiccup took a seat on his bed, his back to the headboard. Dagur took his place across from the smaller teen, leaving his right leg dangling over the edge. "You're dad home?" It was a poor conversation starter, but he felt tense and needed to break the ice, not sure what Hiccup was planning to tell him.

Hiccup looked a little confused by the question at first before he snapped back to reality, as though he had been lost in his thoughts. "Oh...No, he's not. He's at work," Hiccup shrugged. "I guess we could've gone to the living room, but I'm more comfortable in here,"

Dagur nodded, not sure how else to contribute to that line of topic. After all, it made sense that Hiccup would be more comfortable in an area where he spent most of his time. "So...what did you need to tell me?"

Hiccup glanced over to his wall, seeming to need to use his drawings as a distraction from looking at the red-head in front of him. "Did you get your notebook back?"

Dagur smiled softly. "Yeah...I liked the ending you put down,"

Hiccup returned the shy smile. "Thanks...I would've liked to know how you would've ended it, though,"

"You didn't really give it an end," Dagur reminded him.

Hiccup nodded. He couldn't put it off any more. He took a deep breath to try and calm the hammering in his chest. "So...um..." He fiddled with the hem of his jeans, avoiding looking at the other. "This is...probably going to sound muddled and stupid, but...um, bare with me. I've never said it out loud before so..." He shrugged. "I mean dad knows but I've been trying to keep it from everyone else so I wasn't sure how to sum it all up to tell you..." He huffed at his behavior. This was going awful...He knew it'd probably be a mess but he thought he'd be more prepared than this...

"...Why don't you start from the beginning," Dagur pressed gently.
"We have time,"

Hiccup blushed and gave a greatful smile, happy that the other unintentionally reminded him all over again just why he was telling this story. Hiccup took another deep breath. "Alright...So, it all happened a few years ago," he began, looking back to the bedding between them. "It was...not quite into summer. I went to camp every year from the second week of June to the end of the second week in August and this happened at the end of May. I was running errands with my mom like I usually did. We were driving around, singing along to some song on the radio I can't remember the name of now. But as we were going down the road, this other car came and...well, he didn't stop for some reason. I never bothered to figure out why...Something about being drunk... I do know he was well over the speed limit though,"

Dagur's eyes widened a fraction. He wanted to speak up and comfort the other. So his mom's death is the reason he's so distant...He must have really been close to her... The intoxicification of the other driver would also explain why Hiccup declined invitations to parties and such. Dagur had seen the other scoff when someone would come up and insist they knew how to get him to loosen up. Still, Dagur stayed quiet and waited for Hiccup to continue.

The burnet's eyes were further away now, like he could see it all over again. He swallowed and forced himself to keep talking.

"And...the impact...He had smashed into her side and...I just remember the car flying over and rolling. I'd never been so scared in my life...I just remember a lot of blurs of color and feeling dizzy and then being in a lot of pain...When the car stopped moving and I could see again, I looked over to my mom but she..." Hiccup blinked back tears and bit his lip.

Dagur moved over to sit closer to the smaller teen and gently reached over to grab his hand, squeezing it softly in sympathy and encouragement.

Hiccup squeezed back, an embarrassed smile breaking across his face as he tried to keep from breaking down. It was humiliating, really, but he was glad Dagur wasn't teasing him when he felt vulnerable.

"Anyway, I...I tried to reach over to her but I couldn't really move. Then I remember hearing sirens and men and women talking...I think someone was trying to talk to me...I don't remember saying anything back...I remember a little bit of laying on a bed and seeing lights flying over me...I guess that was when I finally got to the hospital.." He shook his head to clear his thoughts. "When I came to, I was in hospital room and my dad was there, looking horrified and...smiling...It was one of the few times I'd ever actually seen him cry. He was really gentle when he hugged me and I could feel him shaking. I didn't think anything ever scared my dad...I asked about mom and...he told me she had passed as soon as the car hit her. I cried and clung to him...He held me but after a while he spoke up, saying he needed to tell me something else to, and..." Hiccup closed his eyes tightly in shame. "I...I need you to promise not to freak out..."

When Dagur nodded, Hiccup moved to his left leg, sneaking his hand under the denim. Dagur watched curiously, expecting a scar of sorts. His eyes shot open when he saw Hiccup remove his left calf, exposing the appendage now separated from him and leaving the pant leg now a bit deflated at the bottom since now it wasn't covering anything. Dagur looked to Hiccup, feeling a lurch in his chest for the other.

Hiccup was still refusing the look at the other, tears slipping past his tightly shut eyes. "When dad...showed me...I shut down and...He explained that in the impact, my left leg got injured because I sat with my right leg under me. He said it was lucky I didn't loose both...But I still just...broke down. He tried to make me feel better. He said I could get a prosthetic and...we didn't have to let people know if I didn't want them to. He said he wouldn't make me tell them...I guess it was his way of saying he understood loosening mom was bad enough...I didn't want to be pitied for being a freak or some weakling..." Hiccup's shoulders slumped, making him look as vulnerable as he felt. He waited for Dagur to say something...Maybe apologize for not realizing before something along the lines of he can't be with someone like that...Of maybe Dagur would just walk out...

His thoughts were broken as he felt Dagur move to sit right beside him, perching his weight on his left hand behind Hiccup while the other gently grabbed the prosthetic from Hiccup's hands. Hiccup looked over nervously, not expecting the thoughtful look on Dagur's face as he looked over the limb.

"So this is why you don't do anything in PE," he said finally. "Also

would explain why you acted so weird after the first night I was here,"

Hiccup blushed. "I'm not used to wearing it after so much time..." he admitted, his voice coming out in a mumble.

Dagur smiled at that and gently set the appendage down. "I'm glad you told me,"

"...You're not...freaked out or...grossed out or anything?"

Dagur locked his eyes with Hiccup's, making the burnet's heart hammer. The dark green eyes of the red-head looked so sincere...He was so caught up, he jumped when he felt Dagur's hand on his left leg, the larger fingers resting softly over the fabric of his jeans. Still, Hiccup didn't dare break his gaze. Dagur smiled. "I told you I liked you. I didn't say, 'hey, Hiccup, I like your feet' or 'work those legs', " He shrugged. "More of an ass man anyway,"

A giggle broke from Hiccup's throat as relief set in. Suddenly the room seemed so much brighter. "So...um...you still...ya know..."

Dagur grinned. "Wanna tap that? Yes," Hiccup smacked the red-head on the arm playfully. "Kidding! Yes, I still like you," He brushed Hiccup's hair back and blushed when Hiccup leaned into the touch. "So...can we try that kiss again?" Hiccup smiled and nodded. At this, Dagur gently brought his lips to meet the burnet's, finally able to savor the soft feel of those lush pink petals against his own slightly chapped lips. He sighed into the kiss and applied more pressure, craving more of the other.

Hiccup's eyes fluttered before slipping shut as he kissed back, shivering at the feel and scent of having Dagur so close. Since the accident, not once had he thought he'd be where he is now, kissing the sweetest (and hottest) guy he'd ever met.

Hiccup squeaked when Dagur's arms snaked around his waist and pulled him into the red-head's lap, his own hands quickly clinging to the front of Dagur's shirt. He bit his lip when the red-head pulled from the kiss for air, occupying his time with nuzzling into Hiccup's exposed neck, making him mewl. "D-Dagur..."

Said red-head smirked against the skin and began kissing along the smaller's neck and shoulder, occasionally nipping and licking at it. He felt jolts of pleasure as Hiccup squirmed in his lap and ran a hand to his hair, gently pressing down in a silent request for him to keep going.

He was more than happy to oblige, attacking the spot where his neck and shoulder met, licking and sucking, his right hand moving down and slipping his thumb under the cotton shirt to run teasing circles along Hiccup's hip.

Hiccup, spurred by this, peppered desperate kisses along the side of Dagur's face as it was the only thing he could really reach. God he never wanted it to stop...

"I can't believe you gave me a hickey!"

Dagur grinned as he stood in the doorway of the bathroom. Their make-out session was cut by the sound of Hiccup's alarm to cook dinner. "Sorry...Guess I lost control,"

"Oh well, that's alright then," the burnet replied sarcastically with a roll of his eyes. Hiccup frowned, eyeing the damage with the mirror. "How am I gunna explain this to dad..."

"You could wear turtle necks,"

"Subtle..."

"Or wear it proudly," Dagur shrugged.

"And parade around school with it?" Hiccup turned to gawk at the other. "What will people say?"

"Who cares what they say?" Dagur came over and looped his arms around Hiccup's waist, pulling him close. "I'm not letting anyone not know you're mine now. Far as I'm concerned, that's my mark on you,"

Hiccup quirked a brow. "So I belong to you?"

Dagur simply grinned at that, confirming. "Sides, it'll make it harder to avoid making friends with that,"

"Because it'll mean I'm easy?"

"You're not easy. I worked my ass off!" Hiccup laughed at that. "No, I mean chicks like having gay guys for friends. You're gunna have to bat off popularity with both hands,"

Hiccup rolled his eyes but was unable to keep a smile from his face, drawling out a sarcastic "Wow,"

Term 5: "That's Okay"

"don't let your guard down because I will get you back for this"

Term 6: "Wow"

"I can't believe you're this stupid" and or "how the hell do I put up with you"

oooooooooooooooooooo

that's the last of the terms

the next chapter is the last

it will be filled with Dagcup smut to show my appreciation to all who took the time to read and support this~

plz review

10. Chapter 10

Here is the final chapter of The Six Deadly Terms~

Warrior Nun has given me some advice to take more time with the chapters due to many errors there that I had neglected in my haste to post updates. So I've taken said advice to heart. Hopefully the following chapter will prove to be better because of it.

Also, I was slow to post it because my aunt had her baby and it was pure madness for while. Please forgive me! As a token of my apology, I'll take up HTTYD fanfic requests and get them done as soon as possible.

Now that that's all out of the way, here is the promised Dagcup goodness~

Enjoy~

oooooooooooooooooooo

Since the day of their mutual confession for one another, Dagur and Hiccup grew to become almost inseperable. Dagur had even managed to get Hiccup into showing small displays of affection at school. The smaller teen was a little hesitant at first, but soon found that more comfortable he was with the red-head, the harder it was to not stake his claim over him.

Some people had a hard time adjusting to it. The teachers, for instance, thought that maybe this would cause a distraction and allow Hiccup's grades to drop. The only reason they backed off is because Kaufman spoke up, stating that not only was Hiccup still an excellent student but the brunet had quite the influence on the now former delinquent.

Snotlout had to fight hard to bite back how uncomfortable with it he was. He knew that Dagur was still Dagur, whether the red-head liked Hiccup or not. Getting used to Hiccup's new behavior on the other hand...Well, let's just say he about passed out during one session of Phys Ed. They were playing touch football outside and Dagur had once again stripped off his shirt. When they were all headed inside, Snotlout and Tuffnut had been walking with the red-head. As soon as they passed the shed, Hiccup-who had been holding onto Dagur's shirt-came up on Dagur's other side, giving a soft comment of how great Dagur looked out there. Snotlout looked away in discomfort as his cousin trailed a hand on Dagur's left pec. When the raven-hair peeked over again, he was mortified to see Dagur and Hiccup lip-locked. At Tuffnut's grin, Snotlout decided to let it go.

Stoick was hit and miss with it. On the one hand he was happy his son was embracing being close to someone and actually getting out more. On the other hand he could do without a lot of the touching. He made a point to loudly clear his throat when he spotted Dagur's hand wondering along Hiccup's thigh or hugging his son from behind while Hiccup was standing at the counter. But regardless, he welcomed Dagur's presence.

Surprisingly, the one that had the hardest time with the new relationship was Toothless. Well...Hiccup hadn't seem surprised. In fact he made a point to warn Dagur he'd have to win the feline over.

Dagur scoffed a bit but complied, buying treats and trying to pet the tempermental cat whenever he came over. For the most part it worked, but when Toothless found Dagur laying on top of his human, those hands and lips all over and making his human create noises Toothless wasn't familiar with...Well, it took some time to pry Toothless from the red-head afterwards.

When the term came to a close and school released for winter break, Dagur got his final report: all straight As. He had rushed to Hiccup's house to tell him. Hiccup cheered as much as the red-head had and wound up tackling his boyfriend to the ground right on the front porch, planting kisses all over him. It wasn't for a while that either of them noticed the snow or cold and finally retreated inside.

Currently, Dagur was holding Hiccup in his lap, resting his chin on Hiccup's shoulder. He smiled as he nuzzled against the smaller teen. They were sitting on Hiccup's bed (with the door shut to keep Toothless out for the moment). Hiccup had moved a smaller tv up to his room and set it up so they could watch from his bed. They would sometimes be down in the living room, but Hiccup was sensitive to the cold and prefered his room. Of course, Dagur didn't need any convincing to follow the brunet upstairs.

Dagur, who had divided his attention between what was on the tv and the feel of having his boyfriend in his arms, shivered at the feel of Hiccup's hands moving back and forth across his bare arms. He could feel himself growing excited from the contact and quickly tried to fight his urges back. As close as they had become, they never got further than kissing and groping. Dagur craved more, but he wasn't going to risk they're relationship by pushing Hiccup into something he wasn't ready for. He'd wait years if he had to.

Feeling Hiccup shift in his grasp, Dagur allowed his grip to loosen a bit, his eyes locking with Hiccup's. He found it calming to stare into those emerald pools. Hiccup gave him a soft smile, which Dagur returned, before moving to press his lips on his the part of his jaw just at his neck. It was a sweet spot for the red-head and managed the wanted effect of ripping a groan from him. "Hiccup..."

The brunet didn't repsond, keeping his lips pressed to the spot. Dagur felt Hiccup snake his hands up and around his neck. He felt the smaller teen undoing his hair, gently pulling the strands apart from the small braid that held it. Hiccup smiled to himself. He loved his boyfriend's hair. The color, the length...He loved running his fingers through the soft strands, some of them damp from being tied up right after showering. More than anything, Hiccup loved that he was the only one that got to see Dagur like this.

Dagur swallowed nervously in attempt to ease his suddenly dry throat. His heart was hammering in his chest. His hands twitched as he debated where to place them. He didn't want to try and initiate something if it wasn't welcome. "H-Hiccup...Y-...You need to move your mouth..." Dagur's face heated up. He couldn't think clearly with those plush lips on his skin...

"Move it?" When Dagur nodded, Hiccup smiled again. "Like this?" He pressed his lips down again, the first of several kisses along the red-head's jawline.

Dagur's eyes shot open and he gently (although, reluctantly) moved to push Hiccup away, his larger hands resting on the other's shoulders. His eyes were downcast, embarrassed at the fact that he was so excited so easily. "H-Hiccup...We can't...I can't..." He rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I mean...I don't wanna...make you hate me. It's already so hard to...not...do anything,"

Hiccup smiled softly. "I realize. It's hard for me, too, ya know," When Dagur looked up to be sure he had heard right, he saw the pink covering Hiccup's cheeks. The brunet shrugged, trying to stay relaxed under his boyfriend's gaze. "I've been thinking about it though and...well, why not?"

Dagur felt his problem below stir again. "What?"

Hiccup bit his lower lip nervously. "U-unless you don't want to-"

"Of course I want to!" Dagur interupted. His face heated up more at his sudden outburst. "I mean...I would like to...I mean, I'd really, really like to. But...a-are you sure?"

Hiccup smiled sweetly, moving to kiss Dagur again, their lips meeting in a sweet and nervous union. When they parted, lidded emerald eyes met dazed forest green. Dagur could feel Hiccup's small hands on his shoulders and he rested his own hands on Hiccup's hips.

That was enough confirmation for Dagur. "I've never done this before...I might hurt you," the red head warned, unable to force his voice above a whisper. His fingers twitched in anticipation but he was reluctant to do anything to hurt Hiccup.

Hiccup nodded a bit. "Maybe at first..." He wasn't so stupid as to not do a little...background research and he was sure Dagur had done the same. After all, how dense would he have to be to not notice that Dagur would be aroused at the simplest things he did. Still, he wanted to do this. He never cared for anyone but the redhead and Dagur made him feel so special...He just felt like it was right. He smiled and pressed another kiss against Dagur's sweet spot, making the redhead shiver. "But at least we won't have any interuptions,"

Dagur let an airy laugh pass his lips. "Yeah, you're dad would skin me alive if he walked in on this,"

"If Toothless didn't get to you first,"

Dagur rolled his eyes, smiling before turning to capture Hiccup's lips with his own, licking playfully at the brunet's upper lip. A small giggle bubbled from Hiccup before he nipped at the toungue, taking Dagur's invitation. Dagur eagerly ran his toungue over every inch of the cavern he could reach. He could never get enough of the sensation that was pure Hiccup.

Eventually Dagur moved to lay Hiccup back on the bed, resting the brunet's head on the large brown body pillow, they're lips still connected. Nipping at Hiccup's pouted lips, Dagur eased a hand under Hiccup's shirt, making the smaller teen shiver and gasp. Dagur smirked a bit into the kiss when he felt Hiccup raise his hips enough to allow Dagur to run his hand along Hiccup's back. During their

make-out sessions, Dagur had learned that if he ran a finger along Hiccup's spine (especially at his lower back) Hiccup always let the most adorable sounds slip. Sure enough, once Dagur reached his destination, Hiccup mewled cutely, squirming a bit. Dagur chuckled and moved to kiss along Hiccup's sensitive neck, giving the occasional nip and lick.

Hiccup's eyes fluttered as he tangled his fingers into Dagur's now loose strands, biting his lip to try and keep from letting too many sounds slip. He loved how Dagur touched him, but it was always so embarrassing how vocal he wound up being. Even now, he was unable to keep from gasping and letting breathy moans slip from him. When Dagur allowed his hand to move lower and grope his ass through his jeans, Hiccup squeaked, his hips jerking up. "Dagur!" Hiccup finally opened his eyes and willed himself to focus enough to move things along. Slowly, he moved his hands from Dagur's hair and lowered them to the hem of Dagur's shirt, tugging on it.

Dagur pulled back and smiled when he saw the dazed and flustered look on Hiccup's face. Placing a gentle kiss on Hiccup's forehead, he raised himself enough to rid himself of his shirt, dropping it to the floor beside them.

Hiccup's blush darkened. He had seen Dagur topless plenty of times and had occasionally taken a moment to run a hand (or both) over a pec or bicep, but that had always been during Phys Ed when other people were around. Now it was so much more intimate.

Dagur swallowed nervously, propping his weight on his left elbow. His other hand shaking a bit, Dagur moved to grasp the hem of Hiccup's long sleeve shirt. "Um...M-may I?" As confident as Dagur was, he had never been in a situation like this. Not to mention he had never seen Hiccup naked. The very idea made him unbelievably hard.

Hiccup offered a small smile and nodded. Dagur ran his tongue over his lower lip in anticipation and slowly raised the shirt up, revealing inch after inch of tempting freckled skin. When finally Dagur peeled the shirt away and dropped it to the floor beside his own, he was practically salivating at the sight beneath him: Hiccup shyly holding his arms to his chest as if to cover himself, looking away from Dagur and instead to the wall, a noticeable pink blush on those cheeks.

Dagur smiled, reaching to gently pull Hiccup's arms away to have an unobstructed view of Hiccup's upper body. "God, you're so cute," he mumbled happily, lowering to press his lips to Hiccup's collarbone.

Hiccup sighed in pleasure and moved to run his hands in Dagur's hair in a silent plea to continue. He trembled at the feel of their bare skin touching in so many places. It was intoxicating to have Dagur's warmth and strength so close, not blocked by clothes for once. It made his mind fog and he squirmed as he felt himself grow more and more excited with each passing second. When Dagur's mouth locked with one of his nipples, Hiccup's eyes shot open as he moaned loudly, his back arching in pleasure.

Dagur groaned with want. He loved how sensitive Hiccup's body was. He couldn't wait to see what sounds his boyfriend would make once he was buried deep inside of him...

Dagur's eyes shot open and he pulled back, embarrassed. "Um...We do have like...protection and stuff, right?" How could he have not of thought of that before?! What an idiot!

Hiccup looked up with dazed eyes, confused at first as though Dagur was speaking some foreign language. Eventually the meaning sunk in and Hiccup's eyes lit up in recognition of the meaning. "O-oh...Yeah, I put stuff in the nightstand,"

Dagur sighed in relief. He reached over and pulled the drawer open, finding a box of unopened condoms and a squeezable bottle of lotion. Dagur chuckled a bit. "How long have you had this in here?"

Hiccup blushed darkly, shrugging. "Just...not long...D-Dad kinda insisted...since we got together..."

Dagur blinked in surprise. "You're dad gave you a sex lecture?"

Hiccup groaned, covering his face with his hands. "Actually...He kinda just took me to the store and gave me the money to get the stuff...Said if I couldn't handle buying what I needed then I couldn't handle sex,"

Dagur grinned, trying not to laugh. "So he told you to buy condoms?"

"And...lube..."

"He told you to buy lube?" Dagur chuckled. "How did he even know what to get?"

Hiccup's face heated up even more. "Trust me, you don't wanna know. I asked him and it got into this whole...awkward thing..." Hiccup shuddered in discomfort. "I'd rather not get into it,"

Dagur, still grinning, let the subject drop and decided to get Hiccup's focus back on him. He leaned down to capture Hiccup's lips again, the brunet under him eagerly kissing back, grateful for the distraction. Still, the redhead needed to get things moving faster. Shifting to lay his lower body against Hiccup's, Dagur gave an experimental rock of his hips, making him groan and effectively ripping a whimper from the smaller teen.

Hiccup clung to Dagur even tighter, bucking his hips up to gain more of that friction. "Oh, Dagur, yes!"

Dagur grinned into the kiss, rocking his hips again and thriving in the feeling of Hiccup squirming so desperately under him. He had wanted this for so long. No dream he had about the beauty below him could ever compare to the real thing...

Dagur kissed Hiccup desperately before reluctantly pulling back to stand from the bed, peridot eyes following him. Hiccup bit his lower lip, smiling as he watched his boyfriend. Dagur smirked, making a show of undoing his jeans and unzipping, his eyes watching Hiccup and feeling smug at how excited he made his boyfriend. When his jeans fell to his feet, Dagur left his black boxers on and kicked aside the denim. Seeing Hiccup's eyes widen a bit at the sight of Dagur's size,

Dagur made a show of palming himself through the fabric. "Like what you see?"

Hiccup's cheeks heated up even more but was unable to look away. Only managing a nod, Hiccup moved the edge of his bed, nervously tugging at the hair by his neck as he often did.

Dagur smiled and took that as a yes, playing with the hemline of his boxers and stepping closer to Hiccup, making the brunet almost tumble back as the redhead's stomach was now less than an inch from his face. "Would you like to do the honors?"

Hiccup glanced up at Dagur, feeling those green eyes watching him. Looking back to the covered manhood, Hiccup hesitantly moved to grab the elastic. Gnawing at his lower lip, Hiccup slowly tugged at the material, exposing the impressive length that belonged to the redhead. "Oh dear lord," he gasped out. Before Dagur could get out another smart-mouth comment, Hiccup grasped the length, running his thumb over the head and catching a drop of cum.

Dagur hissed at the contact, his eyes rolling back into his head. Out of reflex, he grabbed onto Hiccup's shoulder as a sign for the other to keep going, trying to keep from rocking his hips forward. "God, damnitt, Hic," he groaned.

Hiccup licked his lips, unable to keep back the urge to suddenly lean forward and take the head of said cock into his mouth, making Dagur moan loudly and thrust harshly into the hot cavern. Hiccup moaned around the length, swirling his tongue and drawing out another long and loud moan from Dagur. After a moment of savoring the taste of his boyfriend, Hiccup pulled back, looking up to Dagur and smiling lustfully at the state he put the redhead in. "Sorry. Couldn't resist a taste," he admitted.

Dagur growled and pushed Hiccup back to the bed, making the brunet yelp in surprise. In his excitement, he bit into Hiccup's right shoulder just enough to make the brunet gasp. Dagur licked from the bite all the way to Hiccup's ear, capturing the lobe in his mouth and making the smaller teen whimper. As he undid Hiccup's jeans, he kept attacking at Hiccup's neck, speaking lewdly into his lover's ear. "I bet you couldn't. Just how long have you been thinking about doing that, huh? Taking me into your mouth and running that wicked little tongue over my cock?" Dagur tugged at Hiccup's jeans and boxers enough to be able to run his hands over the now bare ass. He groaned with want and rocked his hips down again, the feel of their bare lengths against each other making them both toss their heads back in pleasure.

"D-Dagur..." Hiccup couldn't think clearly as he clung to the teen pressed against him. He felt like fire was running through his veins. It was so hot around them that Hiccup almost felt suffocated by it. It was so strangely addicting, though, to not be able to feel anything but Dagur and the pleasure his boyfriend was giving him. He had thought about this moment for so long...wondering how would Dagur touch him, how would the redhead tease him and make him see stars? He had also wondered how Dagur would taste...Dear lord, Hiccup was so glad he helped himself to a taste. "Dagur...I need more..."

Dagur nodded eagerly. As he pulled back again, he pulled the fabric of Hiccup's boxers and jeans with him before tossing the articles of

clothing to the floor and admiring the view that was his Hiccup. And what a view it was: The pale freckled skin all flustered and trembling with anticipation...Those green eyes half-lidded with lust...Those silk-like strands messed about...Dagur lowered his gaze and had to bite his lip to keep from grinning like an idiot. To see the normally composed teen so excited and wanting made his mouth water and boosted his ego up fifty notches.

Unable to wait anymore, Dagur leaned over to grab the lube, watching Hiccup to see if the brunet changed his mind. When he got no signs to stop, Dagur set himself comfortably on his knees, setting Hiccup's legs on each side of him. Mentally cursing at his shaking fingers, Dagur tried to recount exactly what to do so he wouldn't hurt his love. When he was convinced that his fingers were coated enough, he moved to press the digits against Hiccup's opening.

Hiccup's face turned red and he shut his eyes in embarrassment. He knew it would be a little strange at first, but he had already known he wanted to do this. He knew Dagur wouldn't hurt him (at least intentionally). He gasped and bit his lip as he felt Dagur beginning to press a single digit into him.

Dagur's eyes darted from what he was doing to Hiccup's face. He tried to focus on Hiccup's reactions but found it a little difficult as he slowly pushed the single finger in and out, trying to relax the brunet. When he felt Hiccup's tight walls begin to relax, Dagur eased the second digit in, earning a groan from Hiccup who clung to the bedding below. Dagur used his other hand to run soothing circles over Hiccup's thigh, relaxing his lover. As he began to stretch Hiccup, Dagur moved to grasp the smaller teen's length, pumping it slowly to distract the other.

Hiccup moaned in surprise as he felt Dagur's hand on his erection, shivering at the duel sensations the redhead created. Focusing on the pleasure rather than the fading pain, Hiccup began to shallowly roll his hips in encouragement.

Dagur's breath quickened as he watched Hiccup's reactions to the treatment. Feeling himself need to be in that tight heat, he sped things along, pressing a third finger in to stretch Hiccup further, making the brunet's eyes shoot open as he gasped loudly. Seeing the small sheen of tears, some slipping down the sides of Hiccup's face, Dagur angled his fingers to find that spot that would bring Hiccup over the edge with him. Just as he began to mentally panic, a squeal of pleasure was ripped from Hiccup's throat and those small hips bucked harshly. Unable to resist, Dagur grinned and hit the mark a few more times, taking delight in how Hiccup's face contorted in pleasure, those loud moans sounding like the sweetest music.

When Dagur pulled his fingers away, Hiccup whimpered almost pathetically. He looked up to his boyfriend and saw Dagur reaching to grab one of the condoms on the nightstand. Hiccup glared as well as he could manage in his state and grabbed Dagur's wrist, causing the other to look at him in confusion. "Don't you dare," The words came out breathy and needy, the demanding undertone making Dagur shiver.

"You don't want me to...?" Dagur couldn't manage to finish the thought before Hiccup shook his head quickly.

"I want you in me. I want all of it," The words were rushed and Hiccup looked almost undone already.

Dagur hardened even more (if possible) and he moved to grab the lotion he set aside, generously coating himself before moving to press the head of his cock against the smaller teen's entrance. Taking a deep breath, Dagur slowly pressed in, his eyes rolling to the back of his skull at the feel of Hiccup squeezing around him. When he was all the way inside, he paused, giving Hiccup time to adjust while coaching himself mentally to not cum too soon. (Easier said than done, but he didn't want to leave his love unsatisfied.)

When Hiccup rocked his hips, Dagur took that as a sign to move. He pulled back slowly before slamming back in, ripping a scream from Hiccup. Unlike Dagur's fingers, the redhead's length hit all of him just right and the brunet saw a flash of colors as that spot inside him was hit. "Oh god, more!"

Dagur repeated the movement, his fingers digging into Hiccup's thighs as he watched his length disappear over and over into that hot and tight piece of heaven. He moaned gruffly and moved to lay on top of Hiccup, pulling the trashing teen against him. "Hiccup...Hold onto me,"

Hiccup didn't need to be told twice, grabbing onto Dagur like a lifeline as he was thrust into fast and hard, his own hips trying to meet the redhead's frantic pace. Hiccup moaned and screamed as he was hit just right every time, a string of babbling leaving his lips as he placed desperate kisses on whatever part of Dagur he could reach. He scratched his nails all along Dagur's back, making the bigger teen hiss and shiver with delight. A string of yeses, more, harder, faster and Dagur's name seemed to be all that Hiccup could say as he felt himself being pushed closer to the edge.

Dagur felt Hiccup tighten around him and he growled. He had placed countless marks all over Hiccup's neck and shoulders in his passion, taking pleasure in the fact that Hiccup now belonged to him forever. He moaned and gasped as he was pulled into that tight heat over and over. He knew he was close and brought a hand to Hiccup's length, pumping Hiccup hard and fast, making the small teen cling to him even tighter. "Cum for me," he begged huskily, his voice and hot breath making Hiccup shudder, seeming to be the last straw as he screamed out and thrashed wildly, cumming hard. Dagur kept his hand moving to milk out the experience, the spasming of Hiccup's walls making him cum hard deep inside of his love as he yelled out Hiccup's name.

They rolled their hips to ride out their orgasms, both panting for air. Dagur reluctantly pulled out from his love, feeling heavy as he pulled up the comforter over them and laid onto his back, pulling Hiccup to rest against him. Hiccup smiled softly, resting his head on Dagur's chest, feeling deliciously tired. Dagur lazily ran his fingers through Hiccup's messed up hair, a blissful smile on his face. "Wow," was all he managed to say, still dazed.

Hiccup's smile widened as he nuzzled against the redhead. He hummed happily in agreement. "Good thing dad wasn't home,"

Dagur laughed at that. "Yeah. With how much you were screaming, he

woulda busted the door down thinking I was murdering ya," He kissed the top of Hiccup's head lovingly. "When is he coming back anyway?"

Hiccup shrugged. "Dunno...Not for a few hours. He's helping my uncle run errands a few towns over,"

Dagur nodded, not bothering to ask why so far and pulled Hiccup closer to him, happy to have a chance to rest before having to get cleaned up. Right now, he just wanted to enjoy holding the angel in his arms.

oooooooooooooooooooo

well, hope that was worth the wait

thank you guys for reading this story and showing your support~

much love!

End
file.